THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 59.

Boston, Saturday, June, 13, 1807.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 82.

CURIOSITY.

When curiosity is said to be "a certain sign of vigourous intellect," it must be understood to regard that curiosity only, which is manly and pertinent. This remark concerns persons of mature age merely. For the curiosity of infants can never be considered impertinent. To them nothing is unimportant. Every object has the interest of novelty and is of charming importance. The livelier the eyes of a child glisten with this lambent light, and the more rapidly it plays off from its tongue, the lovelier the object, and the greater its promise of intellect. But the importance of infancy is the frivolity of age. When the individual becomes a man, he loses all right to think and talk, like a child. He should forget the gambols of infancy, and, with other childish things, put away the interrogations of levity, and the random sallies of erratic curiosity.

Nothing may evince more mind or more shamefully expose the want of it than a question. Though its object be ever the same, to seek information, yet the character of the person seeking, the nature of the information sought, the mode of inquiry, and a number of other incidental peculiarities, may often make a man's dignity or disgrace depend on a question. Though from its object it would seem at all times to show ignorance, it may yet be so put as to display information. It may evince that the inquirer rather wanted knowledge confirmed by ascertaining the opinion of the person addressed, than original light communicated; and though it require information on what is made its principal point, it may impart it on points incidental, that are really of much more importance. Questions expose mental character. They are proofs of its investigation or indolence, of its grossness or refinement, of its laxity or correctness. An interrogation may evidence the spirit of research or supineness, intellectual vigour or imbecility, elegance or uncouthness, pedantry or polite learning. No one ornament or blemish of the human understanding, but may discover itself in a question. Nor is its power of exhibiting character confined to the mind. The disposition is within its reach. "*Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.*" and the questions it asks sometimes betray what is the nature of that abundance.

A general and constant recollection of this importance of questions would tend much to improve conversation and refine social enjoyment. It would suppress idle words

and trivial or unmeaning inquiries. It would operate no other constraint, than what good sense should ever maintain over folly and garrulity, feel in the presence of worth. Should indeed this be enough to strike some of our genteel circles silent as the house of death, even this state would be preferable to that jargon of high life, which is heard in these Babels of one language, these confusions of ideas ten thousand times worse than any confusion of tongues.

This constraint however would not operate to deaden but give new life to conversation. It would be lopping off a few dead twigs to give the trunk fresh vigour. It might indeed introduce on some occasions a pause of silence into company, which the tongue of flippant volubility is now glad to fill. But it is quite time genteel converse was raised from the chattering of magpies to the interchange of sentiments between rational beings.

The Wanderer, like Goldsmith, "*parvis componere magna*," delivers his thoughts without method or connexion, and as he cannot, this hot weather, stroll far even in the reader's good company, he will here just notice the importance of giving proper direction to this inquisitive faculty, and then throw himself again upon his couch, lazily crying out in rather too good style for a lounger, the language of BURKE, "Leave me, oh, leave me to repose!"

The importance of attention to the nature and mode of the inquiries we make has been suggested.—It is not every question, curiosity starts, that is a sign of vigour of intellect. If it were, the sign would often exist where we should long look in vain for the thing signified. This attention is necessary to secure to a man the fair reputation of his general talents. But energy of character arises principally from distinction in the vocation, selected for life. It is therefore of the utmost importance, when once this selection is made, that every faculty of the mind should receive a subservient direction. Among these curiosity has the most powerful influence. Let a man bring every other faculty under complete subjection, and this alone, in the end, will frustrate all his endeavours, and defeat his objects of pursuit. He should therefore not rest satisfied with his exertions when all other powers were subdued and bound down on the object. He must clip the wings of curiosity, or it will bear away every thing in its flight. It has often been said and with truth, that a man must make a pleasure of business, in order to succeed in the acquisition either of fame or of fortune. He should consider his object of pursuit, the only object in nature, and see nothing, but what led towards it. Would he reach the goal? He must press forward, and not be delayed or drawn aside by any object, however striking, that may lay in his way. Stubborn perseverance in exclusive attention to any one object soon makes that object a favourite. It endears it by intimacy.—Every object of pursuit, either useful or scientific, gains upon acquaintance. As LOCKE derives the first title to land from mixing labour with the soil, so a man gains title or interest in his profession or particular pursuit by the labour he employs in it, and the greater the labour, the better seems the title. But whatever be the means, the end must be effected, or it will be utterly impossible for any individual ever to take that pleasure in his special vocation, so essential to success. But once fix curiosity, and the labour is over! We know the difficulties of this. We know the pleasures of curiosity. They are exquis-

ite in their kind. We are loth to abridge them in their number. Still this is necessary to secure eminence. How many might have been proudly distinguished in every walk of life, had they seasonably attended to this requisition? They were just ready to snatch the bays, once within their reach, when their eyes were turned towards something, that looked like a laurel, and they eluded the grasp. The waywardness of fancy, the spirit of promiscuous inquiry, the eagerness for novelty must be repressed. Want of attention to this has materially lessened the number of our illustrious characters in divinity, physic, and law. It makes individuals pigmies and stints the growth of the professions. So true is it, that curiosity, unless properly directed, instead of being as it is by nature, a certain sign of a vigourous intellect, is the cause, that all vigour of intellect is at length completely destroyed. Y.

CHIROGRAPHY.

To the Editors of the Emerald.

In the course of my reading this morning (as Junius expresses it) I met with the following pertinent observations which I think worthy a place in your miscellany of literature.

An almost illegible hand writing is either a disgraceful incapacity or a ridiculous affectation which ought by no means to be considered as a merit in the penman. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. From the noblest efforts of ingenuity to the humblest exertions of labour the wise man will be strenuous to mark every action with his own characteristic propriety, and suffer no opportunity to pass without improvement, nor any duty to be slovenly performed. In avocations of daily necessity, correctness and even elegance is desirable, but the advantages they afford are unfortunately too often pressed on the mind by the inconveniencies resulting from a want of possession.

There is no subject which so evidently exemplifies these remarks as *chirography*, which is oftentimes, and most frequently by men of education, most miserably neglected. It is with that as with the language of conversation or the manner of social intercourse. Awkwardness will spoil the effect of the best and most valuable matter, while elegance and taste give attraction and beauty to the most dull and indifferent.

With these impressions I copy the subjoined remarks for your use-paper. CLARENDON.

One of the strangest of the many inconsistencies observable in our way of thinking and acting, appears to me to be the neglect with which the mechanical art of writing is treated by men of letters.—The inability to read and write, places a man proverbially among the most uninstructed of his species; yet how many deep scholars have we whose skill in writing is so imperfect, that they may be said to be destitute of the faculty of making themselves intelligible upon paper. If we reflect a moment upon the vast importance of such a faculty, we shall be astonished at the indifference with which the want of it is habitually regarded.—Persons who would think themselves indelibly disgraced by the wrong pronunciation of a Greek or Latin word, are not ashamed to acknowledge that they cannot write a note to a friend or a letter upon necessary business with any certainty of having their meaning comprehended.—Nay, they sometimes take pride in their unskilfulness, as if it denoted that their heads had been so much occupied as to allow no exercise to their hands. The truth is, that bad writing is in some sort a presumption of a classical education; for such is the admirable constitution o

our grammar-schools, that few of them have any provision for learning the use of the pen, any more than the practice of the common rules of arithmetic; and the necessity of scrawling exercises soon destroys any proficiency a boy may have already made in the art of penmanship.—I know learned authors whose manuscripts are as difficult to make out as the legend of an ancient medal, to the utter despair of press-compositors, who can make no progress without a decypherer at their elbow. No wonder if errata abound in their publications; of which it would be but just for themselves to take the blame, instead of throwing it upon the poor printers. I fancy, Mr. Editor, from the numerous corrections I see occasionally made in your articles, you have some correspondents of this class. I revere their erudition, but am not inclined to admit, like what is said of physicians, that "the worse the scrawl, the dose the better."

Lord Chesterfield, I think, has said, that any man may write well if he pleases. I am not sure, that every man, with any degree of pains, could write *elegantly*; but I doubt not that he might come to write *legibly*, and this is the real object to be aimed at. There are hands which look very well, yet are extremely illegible; which is often the case with free running hands, when written carelessly. And it appears to me a fault in modern penmanship, that freedom and expedition are so much more in request than distinctness.—The stiffer, more upright hands of our ancestors were more easily read; and I repeat, that legibility is the fundamental quality of good writing, to which every thing else should be sacrificed.

SELECTED FOR THE EMERALD.

[The reading world, at all times interested in whatever is connected with the "*Man-mountain*" of literature, the sage of Litchfield, has been lately notified of an intention to republish the memoirs of his life from the pen of James Boswell. From the biography of the last gentleman we extract an account of this interesting work. In an entertaining manner it gives a view of the eccentric philosopher and his laborious historian, and we trust will be read with attention as well for its own merit as for its reference to a very popular and engaging performance. *Em'd.*]

Having treasured up with wonderful diligence the better part of what had fallen from his late friend Johnson, in many of the conversations in which he had excited or listened to Johnson's wisdom and colloquial eloquence, from the commencement of their acquaintance to the period of his friend's death, Boswell now undertook to compose a biographical account of that wise and good man, in which those treasured gleanings from his colloquial dictates should be carefully interwoven.

This book was, with much care and pains, composed, conducted through the press, presented to the public. Its composition delightfully soothed the author's mind, by calling up to him in retrospective view the associates, the amusements, the conversations of the prime years of his past life. By the public it was at first sight received with some measure of prejudice against it; for who could suppose that he who could not make up a moderate octavo, without introducing into it a number of trifles unworthy to be written or read, should have furnished out two copious quartos of the biography of a single man of letters, otherwise than by filling them with trifles to sense, in the proportion of a bag of chaff to a few grains of wheat? But every reader was soon pleasingly disappointed. This work was quickly found to exhibit an inimitably faithful picture of the mingled genius and weakness, of the virtues and the vices, the sound sense and the pedantry, the benignity and the passionate harshness, of the great and excellent, although not consummately perfect man, the train of

whose life it endeavoured to unfold. It appeared to be filled with a rich store of his genuine dictates, so eloquent and wise, that they need hardly shun comparison with the most elaborate of those works which he himself published. Johnson was seen in it, not as a solitary figure, but associated with those groupes of his distinguished contemporaries with which it was his good fortune, in all the latter and more illustrious years of his life, often to meet and to converse. It displayed many fine specimens of that proportion in which, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, literature and philosophical wisdom were liable to be carelessly intermingled in the ordinary conversation of the best company in Britain. It preserved a thousand precious anecdotical memorials of the state of arts, manners, and policy among us during this period, such as must be invaluable to the philosophers and antiquarians of a future age. It gave, in the most pleasing mode of institution, and in many different points of view, almost all the elementary practical principles both of taste and of moral science. It showed the colloquial tattle of Boswell duly chastened by the grave and rounded eloquence of Johnson. It presented a collection of a number of the most elaborate of Johnson's smaller occasional compositions, which might otherwise perhaps have been entirely lost to future times. Shewing Boswell's skill in literary composition, his general acquaintance with learning and science, his knowledge of the manners, the fortunes, and the actuating principles of mankind, to have been greatly extended and improved since the time when he wrote his Account of Corsica, it exalted the character of his talents in the estimation of he world; and was reckoned to be such a master-piece in its particular species, as perhaps the literature of no other nation, ancient or modern, could boast. It did not indeed present its author to the world in another light than as a genius of the second class; yet it seemed to rank him nearer to the first than to the third. This estimation of the character of Boswell's Life of Johnson, formed by the best critics soon after its publication, seems to have been since fully confirmed. I am well persuaded that not one even of the most successful of his contemporaries at the Scottish bar could have produced a work equally replete with charmingly amusive elegance and wisdom.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

No one who ever had any connexion with a literary journal will deny the force of the following remark, and no scholar will peruse it without admiring the elegant manner in which it is made.

"The task of a Journalist is often invidious and often irksome. Without a spirit of candour among the various tribes of readers, vain is every attempt to please. Captiousness cavils, fanaticism whines, and party prejudice yells; but, in the manly exhortation of of Edmund Burke, "applaud us when we run; console us when we fall; cheer us when we recover: but let us pass on—for God's sake let us pass on."

— *Port Folio.*

Where shall we find in the pages of modern eloquence a more beautiful metaphor or more correct thought than in the following sentence from Curran?

He would not have the Press presume to tell the viceroy that the prerogative of mercy is a trust for the ben-

efit of the subject, and not a gaudy feather stuck in the diadem to shake in the wind, and by the waving of the gaudy plumage to amuse the vanity of the wearer.—He would not have it say to him, that the discretion of the Crown, as to *mercy*, is like the discretion of a Court of Justice as to *law*, and that in the one case, as well as the other, wherever the propriety of the exercise of it appears, it is equally a matter of right. He would have the Press all fierceness to the People, and all sycophancy to Power; he would have it consider the mad and phrenetic depopulations of Authority, like the awful and inscrutable dispensations of Providence, and say to the unfeeling and despotic spoiler in the blasphemed and insulted language of religious resignation, "the Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Hail melancholy night! mild pensive hour!
How sweet amid these mould'ring walls to rove,
While beams on high the silent moon!

How monstrous it is, and how lamentable, that gross particles are sometimes mixed in a noble creature! and how unfortunate that the vulgar, which makes so vast a majority of the world, can better comprehend what is fallible in him, than what is great and glorious!—Those who have great endowments from nature and from acquirements, should therefore carefully correct all their errors, since they destroy the power to be exemplary and useful, which heaven has so bountifully bestowed upon them, and are at once ungrateful to providence and unjust to themselves.

When mankind are in a humour to be captious, moral writings, in the gross, are liable to their censure. The most formidable of all dreads to writers, who rest not contented with the testimony of a clear conscience, is a *laboured, shivering* kind of *charitable* praise, intended to communicate a sort of *mental ague* to the soaring mind.

"A health to her whose beauties are
Not a gross earth with painted superficies; [fire;
But a more sprightly element of purer
Within whose sphere a glorious mind doth move
All th' orbs of virtue, with celestial flame:
Whose active climbings carry her desires
To th' utmost height of nobleness and honour."

A French Abbe, having engaged a box at the Opera House at Paris, was turned out of his possession by a Marshall, as remarkable for his ungentlemanlike behaviour as for cowardice. The Abbe, for this breach of good manners, brought his action in a court of honour, and solicited permission to be his own advocate, which being granted, he begun his complaint thus:—"I complain not of M. Suffrein, who took so many of the enemy's ships in the East Indies; I complain not of Count de Grasse, who so bravely fought Lord Rodney in the West; I complain not of the Duke de Crillion who took Minorca, but I complain of Marshall ——, *who took my box at the Opera, and never took any thing else.*" The Court at once paid the highest compliment to his wit, and gave him the most ample revenge, by refusing him a verdict, in consequence of his having already inflicted punishment sufficient.

The following lines of *Ogilvie*, unite morality with poetry.

See! where pale death to strike his grasping prey,
Draws the keen dart, that never miss'd its way;
Thron'd on the ruin of terrestrial things,
He sits and tramples on the dust of kings,

See, his black chariot floats in streams of gore,
Pale Rage behind, and Terror strides before.
Not Beauty with'ring in the bloom of years,
Not dove-ey'd Innocence dissolv'd in tears,
Not kneeling Love, that trembles as it prays,
Not heart-struck Anguish, fix'd in stupid gaze!
Not all the frantic groans of wild Despair;
Not helpless Age, that tears its silver hair;
Can stay one moment the severe command,
Or wrest th' avenging dart from that relentless hand.
Here pause:—the crowds extended on the bier
Claim from the filial heart a parting tear:
Spend on the tomb where drooping grandeur lies.
One mournful burst of sympathizing sighs.

That is a sententious and correct precept of one our poets—

.....To be secure,
Be humble; to be happy, be content.

Mistrust no man without cause, neither be credulous without proof.

We are not certain but the following bold and brilliant conclusion of a very celebrated speech has been read and admired by every one of our readers.—It cannot but gratify on a re-perusal, and must delight as often as it is seen.

"If, which Heaven forbid, it hath still been unfortunately determined that because he has not bent to power and authority, because he would not bow down before the Golden Calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace; I do trust in God, that there is a redeeming spirit in the constitution, which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames, and to preserve him unhurt by the conflagration."

[The manners of England are very much like our own, and are thus detailed in a late work called Memoirs of a traveller in Retirement.]

"SOCIETY in England is not at all upon the same footing as in Paris, Vienna, Rome or Naples: it is formed upon a plan which suits the English: they enjoy it in their own way, and foreigners may participate in it.

"The greater part of the men who compose the first class of society are in Parliament: some are peers of the realm, and belong to the House of Lords; their sons, relations and friends, and the rest of the nobility, are members of the House of Commons; as well as the countrygentlemen, who come to reside in London during the sitting of Parliament. The hours of Parliament are extremely uncertain: they frequently sit till midnight, or till one or two o'clock in the morning, and sometimes later. From this custom arises the difficulty of having regular dinners during the sitting of Parliament; except on Saturdays and Sundays, and some days in the holidays. The ladies' however, have large parties at night: but from the same reason, there is a much greater proportion of females than gentlemen, at these assemblies; partly because the men, after breaking up of Parliament, go to dine together at each other's houses, or at their club; and partly because it is so late, that they do not think it worth while to give themselves the trouble of dressing. These are the first class.

"Among the better sort of citizens there are also some members of Parliament; and there are some who, without belonging to the House of Commons, are employed in public affairs, and are fond of talking of them. These likewise have their

clubs ; and the greater part of them like assembling there, much better than going to play at cards with the female friends of their wives. I must add, that among this class there is very little gallantry : every one is constant to his wife, whom he is sure to meet every night at suppper with the rest of the family. Besides, almost all the English have some business, some favourite amusement, some studies, or some pleasures, to which they devote themselves with as much attention as to business. They prefer spending the rest of their time in their own houses, to the dull pleasure of frequenting assemblies, which however are very numerous.—There are not, perhaps, less than two hundred houses in London, where two or three assemblies are given during the winter ; so that there are sometimes three or four on the same night. The company begin to meet at nine or ten o'clock. People of fashion, both males and females, who are invited to them, all go to each ; and stay there a longer or shorter time, as may be agreeable. Some are going in as others are coming out ; three or four hundred people meet without seeing each other, and speak to one another without waiting for an answer. Card tables are prepared in the different rooms, and card-playing lasts till one or two o'clock in the morning. In some houses suppers are given ; but that is not common. If any French gentleman or lady should come to London, this compliment is paid to them : it is thought to be what they like best ; but it must not be imagined that this is the general custom. Being at Paris some years ago, at the Prince de Conti's, I met the Viscount de Noailles, who had just returned from London, where he had been six weeks.---He was giving the company an account of the living at London ; and among other things he said that they supped there, but did not dine. I was a little astonished at this assertion ; and took the liberty to tell him that I had been absent from London only six months, and that was not the custom when I came away. He assured me very seriously, that I should find it so when I returned ; as if a nation altered its manners in six months. It is thus that we are mistaken, when we form general opinions upon the little we see.

(To be Continued.)

For the Emerald.

LEVITY.

MESSRS. EDITORS.

The impertinence and vanity of some of our travelled gentry has been very handsomely ridiculed by a plain country gentleman in a communication to your friend the Wanderer ; and I cannot but be much obliged to him for the letter, as it has put me on my guard against the impertinence of such assuming coxcombs.

I was the other day obliged to endure the tedious and disgusting vanity of a creature of this description by being unfortunately placed as his companion in the Eastern Stage.—Now it did not require any great knowledge or consequence to be pleased with the various interesting objects that present themselves on this interesting rout ; but our traveller, who washed off all his *Americanism* in the Ocean, and had supplied its place with the affectation and contemptuous disregard which is natural and even pardonable in a foreigner, found nothing comfortable or even decent on the rout, he scolded at all the waiters, laughed at the turnpike

men, derided the fare, and in proportion to the attempt to satisfy him, was his determination not to be pleased. In the first place he abused the coach; it was worse than a Dutchman's dray and rattled like a country waggon loaded with iron bars. The horses (although at a full pace of ten miles an hour) were, he was certain, the half starved refuse of some livery stable; the coachman whose pride was roused by these remaks on his equipage was repeatedly declared to be a surly, drunken and ignorant rascal.

The taverns were nothing better than English gin shops—the people rude, unmformed and impertinent; and the whole rout from Boston to Portland exhibited the same dull and barren tract of uncultivated country, from which it would be difficult to decide whether the wretched appearance of poverty and famine was more owing to the ignorance and idleness of the inhabitants than to the niggard parsimony of nature.—Towards the last stage, as one of our blunt companions was praising the excellent accommodations of a country inn, our travelled gentleman interrupted him with an exclamation against that vulgarity of taste, which could find in it any thing either wholesome or decent. This nettled the pride of our companion, who never having been out of the boundary of New-England, had a little of the Yankee feelings about him, and induced him to repay the travellers insolence with a sound and well deserved flagellation, and to promise him if he had ever had a better in any foreign place, he would the next time exert his best faculties to equal it. All which I communicate to you to serve as a check against similar impertinence and folly.

MORUS.

For the Emerald.

To the Honourable Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled. Humbly complaining, sheweth unto your Honours, your Orator, COLON.

THAT whereas, from a time, whence the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, as a member of the ancient and honourable fraternity of the *six points*, he hath been accustomed, and is indisputably entitled, to have, hold, occupy and enjoy the undisturbed possession of, and in a certain share of every sentence, *which, when divided, the remaining part is not necessary to complete the sense* in all languages whether ancient or modern. And whereas in and by the first article of the Declaration of Rights in the Constitution of this Commonwealth, it is expressly reckoned that among the essential and unalienable rights is *the enjoyment and defence of our liberties*. And in further affirmance of this undeniable position was the Constitution of the United States adopted by the good people of this Commonwealth. And afterwards through fear, that the enumeration of certain rights of the people therein, should be construed to deny or disparage the rest, certain articles amendatory to the same Constitution were proposed to the different States and by them ratified; and in the 7th thereof it is contained, that *no one shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law.*

But now so it is, that the President and Fellows of Harvard College, in no wise ignorant of the premises aforesaid; but intending your Orator to disgrace, and reduce into the undistinguished rank of a Comma, and thus deprive him of his just rights in supporting the grace and dignity of sentences, or in any manner assisting in the structure thereof, have lately sent forth from their press a certain expurgated edition of *Q. Horatii Flacci*; and in every sentence of which same work they have wholly omitted to assign to your orator a place, denied him entrance, and still hold him out, without due process of law, in particular defiance of the aforesaid 7th article amendatory to the Constitution. In tender consideration whereof, and of the noble part which your Orator took in the paper war which preceded the struggle for independence; and like-

wise of his manful appearance no less than fourteen times in the Declaration of our independence, which, with the assistance of his brethren, and particularly of Semicolon, struck dismay into the hearts of our enemies: And for that your Orator cannot, as he is advised by his counsel, learned in the law, enter in and take possession of his share in any of the sentences of said expurgated edition, by the ordinary course of the common law, having only *jus merum*; and being also advised, that it is inexpedient to apply to the Supreme Court for a *mandamus* to be directed to said President and Fellows commanding them to restore him to his just rights in the premises, &c. as the Chief Justice is a member of the Corporation of the same University, and as the whole Court have a mortal aversion to your Orator, and forasmuch as your Orator is thus remediless save in this honourable Court. To the end, therefore, that our Constitution may be handed down to posterity unimpaired, and that the liberties of the subject may be preserved entire, your Orator prays your Honours would take such order touching the premises, as in your wisdom may seem most meet, to effectuate a redress of his wrongs. And in illustration of that sage position, "that all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are insufferable, than right themselves by abolishing forms to which they are accustomed," your Orator hath hitherto foreborne to make any appeal to the passions or prejudices of the people, and, until the date of these presents, he hath borne in silence this usurpation on his just rights, notwithstanding the earnest solicitations of his brethren.

But as the whole fraternity of *six points* had assembled in a peaceable manner, and were on the point of petitioning for a redress of grievances, according to the provisions contained in the 19th article of the Declaration of Rights, and having taken into consideration the arbitrary and tyrannous conduct of the said President and Fellows, in the expulsion of your Orator from the society of his brethren; and as no President and Fellows had dared to make such an inroad on the rights of the fraternity previous to the adoption of our State Constitution, and no such power being therein conferred upon them. Considering, that this act was a step towards the consolidation of the whole *fraternity* to *one point*, and thus accustoming our youth to disregard the integrity of the *six points*, by degrees to familiarize them to the idea of a consolidation of all the States in the Union.

In order to avert all which, your Orator was induced to prefer this, his complaint to your Honours; having expressly stipulated to his brethren not to abandon his just right, in support of which they are determined to use their undivided exertions; and particularly his friends *interrogation* and *exclamation*; who, though only remotely affected, yet feel the warmth of an immediate interest in the rights of your Orator, and are resolved never to cease *interrogating and exclaiming* until the prayer of your Orator's petition be granted.

Cambridge, May 30, 1807.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Stereotype Printing has not been adopted by the booksellers of London, because it does not appear that more than twenty or thirty works would warrant the expense of being cast in solid pages; consequently the cost of the preliminary arrangements would greatly exceed the advantages to be attained. On a calculation, it has appeared to be less expensive to keep certain works standing in moveable types, in which successive editions can be improved to any degree, than to provide the means for casting the same works in solid pages, which afterwards admits of little or no revision. As the extra expense of stereotyping is in all works equal to the expense of paper for 750 copies, it is obvious that this art is not applicable to new books, the sale of which cannot be ascertained. Although these considerations have induced the publishers of London not to prefer this art in their respective businesses, yet it has been adopted by the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford; and from the former some very beautiful editions of Common Prayer Books have issued to the public; probably the art of stereotyping applies with greater advantage so staple works of such great and conttant sale, as prayer-books and bibles, than to any other.

Dr. Charles Fothergill is now engaged in preparing a work for the press, which can scarcely fail to excite very general interest. With a view of clearing up some doubtful point in the Zoology of Great Britain, he last spring made a voyage to all the northern isles, comprehending the Orcades, Shetland, Fair Isle, and Fulda, and remained amongst them during the greatest part of the year, employed in the investigation of their natural history, antiquities, state of their agriculture and fisheries, political importance, manners, customs, condition, past and present state, &c. &c.;—a general and particular account of which, will shortly be given to the public, accompanied by maps and numerous engravings; containing the fullest and completest description of those remote and hitherto neglected regions.

The ninth edition of Mr. Spurr's Winter in London, and the fourth of Miss Owenson's Wild Irish Girl, are in the press ! !

A Sketch of the Black Empire of Hayti, from communications with the seat of its present government, will soon appear in an octavo volume.

An algebraical proof of Sir Isaac Newton's Binomial Theorem, which has been hitherto a desideratum in mathematics, has been lately discovered by Francis Burke, A. B. a Student in the University of Dublin. The discovery has been honored with a distinguished premium from the board of Trinity College.

A Latin poem on the Battle of Trafalgar, with an English prose translation, will be published early this month.

The celebrated Canover has just finished at Rome a marble statue of Hebe which surpasses all his other works. The upper part of the goddess is represented naked, the rest of her body is covered with a drapery of the most exquisite lightness. She is represented as performing the office of cup-bearer at the table of the gods. The Sculptor intends making a copy of the statue in bronze.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COLON'S PETITION is drafted more in the style of an orator in a court of Chancery, than a humble petitioner to the general assembly of Massachusetts Its wit is double edged, and we insert it with pleasure.

THE TEMPEST is the very whirlwind of ignorance.

An ingenious and reverend friend will receive our acknowledgements for his recent contributions; we are proud to number him in the list of our correspondents.

ALMYRA shall certainly find an early attention to her request.

We have omitted for some time to notice the letters of APPELLANT in expectation of a farther example of his plan. The subject is too scientific to be treated in a desultory manner. It requires extensive learning, precision, and judgment. We fear he has not pursued it sufficiently in detail, to give information to our readers, or acquire honour for himself. He is however a good writer and on other topics we shall be happy to hear from him.

TIMOLEON should not be so strenuous, *Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.*

ALEXIS is more at home on *Machusett* than *Parnassus.*

Of the almost numberless specimens of amatory verses and little sonnets that are forwarded every day to our office we are enabled to select but few that can gratify the correct taste which it is our ambition to please. We are urgent with gentlemen of education and literature to ornament our columns, but while we extend a general invitation to all, we mean by no means to surrender our own judgment, or consent to indiscriminate publication.

It is the most disagreeable of our tasks to reject the communications of our friends, but the poetical department of the Emerald has been ornamented with the flowers of fancy and genius, by some of the first writers in the United States, and we cannot associatetheir elegant communications with the half formed rhymes of every unfledged poet that chooses to gratify the *cacoethis scribendi.* We prefer *good* selection to *indifferent* originality but we earnestly request the communications of the intelligent and informed, and promise in the exercise of our judgment to unite liberality and candor.

Mediocribus esse poëtis
Non homines, non dii, non concessere columnæ.

MORETON's fine comedy of TOWN AND COUNTRY, or *Which is best?* has been received with great applause on the English stage. The following ingenious and humourous epilogue was furnished by Mr. Colman. It is pleasant to see these rival Dramatists lending to each other the assistance of their genius. [*Emerald.*

EPILOGUE.

Enter TROT *and* COSEY *(squabbling a little before entering.)*

Trot. There's a dispute, good folks, between us two,
Cosey. Which, with your leaves, we'll argue before you.
Trot. Now for the question—
Cosey. . . That is soon express'd;
Trot. Namely—
Cosey. . . 'The TOWN,
Trot. . . . And COUNTRY;
Both. . . . . . *Which is best?*'
Trot. Give me the country—I shall trundle down
With rapture:
Cosey. . . Yes, you leave your wife in town.
Your back once turn'd, she'll spin away your guineas;
Then who's to bring you more?
Trot. . . . My spinning Jennies.
Cosey. But tell me what the country boasts?
Trot. . . . . . Its hills,
Dales, lawns and groves, and streams for cotton-mills;
Walks through plough'd fields, to circulate your blood.
Cosey. Curse country dirt;
Trot. . . And damn the London mud!
I'm for green banks, far from the deaf-'ning cries
Of Dust-ho! Matches! Muffins! Sweep! Hot Pies!
E'en Sunday, though it checks the week-day yell,
Can't save your ears from Milk! and Mackarel!
Cosey. I'm for St. Mary Axe, remote from sounds [Hounds.
Of Bullocks, Mastiffs, Asses, Hogs, and
E'en Ploughmen, like their brutes, mar Sunday's calm,
Taught, by their snuffling clerk, to twang a Psalm. [grow,
As to your banks, however green they
The Bank of England is the best I know.
Trot. Vying with us, can town the country beat?
What are the London crops to crops of wheat?
Your stocks yield cash; *ours* punish vice and sloth;
And we're *secur'd by Government in both.*
Cosey. With much the country claims, the town compares;
'Change alley boasts not only bulls but bears;
In lieu of fallow deer, we've city bucks,
And frequently (I grant they're lame) we've ducks;
While the west end of London owns a breed of
More Rooks and Pigeons than the town has need of.
Trot. No more of London follies, fogs, and smokes! [Oaks;
Place me, say I, beneath my Country's
Where, while their leaves a sacred shade dispense,
I cry, Hail, England's beauty and de-fence! [plain,
Whose branches decorate our hill and
Whose trunks declare us Masters of the Main: [more,
Doom'd by the axe to vegetate
They form the Wooden Walls of Bri-tain's shore.
Cosey. Away with rural life! A life of voids!
Place me, say I, among the folks at Lloyd's;
Where, though with noise of busines almost stunn'd
I cry, Hail England's Patriotic Fund!
Whose store a Nation's opulence im-parts, [hearts
Whose aim denotes a Nation's glowing
Blest Wealth! that gives our wounded Tars relief,
Or soothes their Widow's and the Orphans' grief.
Trot. Come, since the bulk of Bri-ons shew such spirit,
Let's own *both* Town and Country have their merit.
Cosey. Strike hands! Agreed! Let Englishmen ne'er doubt on't,
But stick together, in the Town, or on't.
May unanimity ne'er be forgotten!
Thrive all our Trades!
Trot. . . . Particularly Cotton
Cosey. (*coming forward*) Say, then, will us, to-night, if so it please ye,
Success to Town and Country.
Both. . . . . And we're ea

Published by Belcher & Armstrong.